

LOST AND FOUND.

The Latest of Rev. Dr. Talmage's
Characteristic Discourses
in Ireland.

The Distinguished American Divine Re-
ceived With Overtures in
England.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Rev. Dr. Tal-
mage continues to be received with ova-
tions wherever he goes, and his reception
at Belfast last Sunday was almost un-
paralleled.

He took his text from Luke, chap.
19, v. 10.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and
to save that which was lost."

When Kossuth visited the United
States about twenty years ago, so great
was the enthusiasm for Hungary that I re-
member very well the trees around the
New York "Battery" were crowded with
people who had climbed there to see the
distinguished stranger as he passed. I
shall never forget that scene. Indeed, if
one be well poised, he cannot stand in a
better place to see a passing crowd than
in a tree top. Well, Christ was coming
up into a sycamore tree, broad-branched,
stretching its arms clear across the high-
way, and sits there while Jesus advances.
Christ, coming up with a great multitude,
casts his eye up and sees this man on the
branch of the sycamore and says: "Come
down," and after the man has alighted,
he says among other things to him: "The
Son of Man is come to seek and to save
that which was lost."

Our sympathies are always aroused
when we see anything that is lost. Even
a dog that has wandered away from its
master we feel sorry for. Or a bird that
has escaped from its owner, we say: "Poor
thing." Going down the street
near nightfall, in the teeth of the sharp
northeast wind, you feel very pitiful for
one who has got to be out to-night. As
you go along you hear the frightened
cry of a child. You stop. You say: "What
is the matter?" You go up and
find that a little one has lost its way from
home. In its excitement it cannot even
tell its name or its residence. The group
of people gathered around are all touched,
all sympathetic and helpful. A plain
body comes up, and with her plaid she
wraps the child and says: "I'll take care
of the poor bairn." While in the same
street, but a little way on, the cry comes
through the city, ringing a bell, and utter-
ing a voice that sounds dolefully through
all the alleys and by-ways of the city: "A
lost child! Three years of age, blue eyes,
light hair. Lost child!" Did you ever
hear any such pathos as that ringing
through the darkness?



You are on shipboard. You see
against the sky a vessel. It comes near-
er. You hoist a flag. It makes no re-
sponse. You say: "What is the matter
with that vessel?" You put the search-
light to your eye, and you find there is
no one in the rigging—no one on the
deck. "Ah," you say, "I guess that must
be an abandoned ship." It comes on,
falling over into the trough of the ocean.
It floats every whither, tossed by the wild
sea, and the crew say to the passengers,
and the captain says to his mate: "It is
a lost ship."



You are going down the street, and
you see a man that you know very well.
You once associated with him. You are
astonished as you see him. "Why," you
say, "he is all covered with the marks of
sin. He must be in the very last stages
of wickedness." And then you think of
his blasted home, and say: "God pity
his wife and child! God pity him!" a
lost man.

But, my friends, we are lost. "All we,
like sheep, have gone astray," and the
bell-men of heaven come out hunting up
and down to find those who have missed
their way, ringing through all the streets
of the city and all the valleys and moun-
tains of the earth, the old Gospel bell:
"The Son of Man has come to seek and
to save that which is lost."

I am glad that it is the son of man who
has come to seek us. It is not one armed
with thunderbolts, riding down the sky
in ponderous chariot to crush us, but the
Son of Man: His nature just like our
nature, except one exception: His infancy
rooted in the cradle of a mother's arms.
His boyhood spent in Nazareth amid a
boy's temptations. Afterwards, with
blistered hand learning a trade. After-

wards, preaching, not with priest's gown,
but in citizen's apparel; talking as brother
talks with brother. Oh, He was the Son
of Man! He walked like a man; He slept
like a man; He ate like a man; He drank
like a man; He wept like a man; He suf-
fered like a man; He was a man! He knew
what sin and temptation are by personal
contact, for He lived in a most abandoned
village, and He moved around amid fishing
villages known in all ages for their vice;
and in after years He preached in Jerusa-
lem, a city which, though it had a temple,
was worse than New York. And when
Christ comes now, He comes not to a
new world to make a discovery,
but He comes to an old world
where He once lived: to a race whose
nerves and muscles and bones, and flesh
were just like those which He inhabited.
Like us, the cold chilled Him; like us, fire
burned Him; like us, betrayal exasperated
Him. I warrant you that in that
hostile and rough society He received
many a kick and bruise and cuff that have
never been recorded. I am glad to know
that He comes in the fresh memory of His
sorrows on earth, and of those thrilling
night scenes and day scenes of His earthly
citizenship "to seek and to save that
which was lost." In the first place I re-
mark that we are lost to holiness. Are
you not all willing to take the Bible an-
nouncements that our nature is utterly
ruined. Sin has broken in at every part
of our castle. One would think that we
got enough of it from our parents,
whether they were pious or not; but we
have taken the capital of sin with which
our fathers and mothers started us,
and we have by accumulation, as
by infernal compound inter-
est, made it enough to swamp us for-
ever. The heart is a battle ground, across
which armed battalions sweep right and
left. The ivory palace of the soul, pol-
luted with the filthy feet of all uncleani-
ness. The Lord Jesus Christ comes to
bring us back to holiness. He comes not
to destroy us, but to take the conse-
quences of our guilt. He breaks through
lacerating thorns, and He dies to offer us
cleanliness. Here is a man who, a few
weeks ago, said: "All is right with me;
I am not willing to confess I am a sin-
ner." Now, the spirit comes to his soul,
and he feels himself to be so great a sinner
that there is no mercy for him. When
did he make the most accurate estimate?
Now. "The heart is deceitful above all
things and desperately wicked." But
says some one in the audience: "I have
sinned so much I do not believe Christ
will take me." A great commander
thought of going over into Italy. His
friends laughed at him, and said:
"You can never get
over the Alps. If you know anything
about the Alps, you know you can never
get over there." The commander waved



his hand, and said: "There shall be no
Alps." Then the road was built through
the Simplon pass—the wonder of follow-
ing ages. We stand and see the mountain
of our guilt. The obstacles seem so great
that it is impossible for us to find a way
into the peace and life of the Gospel; but
Christ comes, and He waves His wondrous
hand, and cries: "There shall be no ob-
stacles! I will come over the mountain
of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity."
Oh, ye who have sinned, instead of flying
away from Christ, if you only knew who
it is that comes to save you, you would
fly no farther, but turn around; and while
Christ seeks you, you would seek Christ,
and this house would be a scene of a pen-
itent sinner and a pardoning Savior,
throwing each other's arms around each
other's necks; while heaven could afford
to stop half an hour and hang over the
battlements gazing. What is that
flutter among the angels? Who is that
horseman rushing through the city with
quick dispatch? What is that announce-
ment on the bulletin of heaven? I know
what it is. Christ has found that which
was lost.

"For angels can their joy contain,
But kinder with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre."

I remark again, we are lost to happiness
and Christ comes to find us. A caliph
said: "I have been fifty years a caliph,
and I have had all honors, and all wealth;
and yet, in the fifty years, I can count up
only fourteen days of happiness." How
many there are in this audience that can-
not count fourteen days in all their life in
which they had no vexations or annoy-
ances. We all feel a capacity for happi-
ness that has never been tested. There
are interludes of bliss; but whose entire
life has been a continuous satisfaction?
Why is it that the most of the fine poems
of the world are somehow descriptive of
grief? It is because men know more
about sorrow than they do about joy.
John Milton succeeds when he writes
"Paradise Lost," but fails when he
comes to write "Paradise Regained,"
Dante's "Inferno" is a chime of horrors,
Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is a poem of
tears. Take the pathos out of the writ-
ings of Tennyson and Longfellow, and you
have taken three-fourths of their power.
John Ruskin writes his most effective
passages about the ruin of Venice. It is
because men know more about sorrow
than about joy that they are more effec-
tive in describing the former. The dog
of bad news runs faster than the carrier
pigeon flies with good tidings. There
are flushes of satisfaction in the heart;
but whose life has been a prolonged de-
light? The soul has four ranks of keys,
and the world does not know how to
play on such an elaborate instrument;
but religion comes, and with her right
hand she touches the higher keys of the
soul, and then sweeps them with the
symphonies of heaven. Christ comes to
find those who have been lost to happi-
ness. He soothes them, He inspires
them, He lifts them, He opens the door
of the lost Eden and invites them to
come in again to peace.

Oh, how many in this house have been
goaded, and stung, and plagued! Had it
not been for risking your eternal interests,
some of you would have put an end to the
scene of earthly suffering with your own
hand. A deep undertone of sadness rolls
through the soul. You would be willing

now to give up your money, and your
social position, and all you have achieved,
for one day of the peace which the good
old slave expressed when he said, with
broken language: "In owning Christ I
seem to own everything. The air is mine,
for I can breathe it; the sunshine is mine,
for I can sit in it; the earth is mine, for I
can lie down on it." To have something
of the complete satisfaction which be-
longs to the humblest of God's children
you would give almost anything. Oh, ye
who are struck through with unrest;
Christ comes to-night to give you rest. If
Christ comes to you, you will be independ-
ent of all worldly circumstances. So in
the hour of suffering and martyrdom was
Rose Allen. When the persecutor put a
candle underneath her wrist and held it
there until the sinews snapped, she said:
"If you see fit, you can burn my foot next,
and then also my head." Christ once
having taken you into His custody and
guardianship, you can laugh at pain, and
persecution and trial. Great peace for
all those whom Christ has found, and you
have found Christ, Jesus comes into
their sick room. The nurse may have
fallen asleep in the latter watches of the
night, but Jesus watches with slumber-



less eyes, and he puts his gentle hand
over the hot brow of the patient and says:
"You will not always be sick. I will not
leave you. There is a land where the in-
habitant never saith: 'I am sick.' Hush
troubled soul! Peace!"

This Jesus comes into the house of be-
reavement, and He says: "I took your
lost darling; I come now to make up for
his absence. I wanted him at the gate
when you came through. The days of
your separation will only add to the joys
of reunion. Peace, I am the resurrection
and the life: he that believeth in Me,
though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Just as sometimes a child is so sick that
it cannot lie any longer in the cradle, and
the mother has to take it up, so some-
times the Lord's children are so troubled
that they cannot lie easy anywhere but in
God's lap, while He bends over them and
sings this sweet song: "As one whom
his mother comforteth, so will I comfort
you."

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foe;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never, forsake.

Again, I remark that we are lost to
heaven, and Christ comes to take us
there. I cannot imagine anything
more distressful than, without having
musical taste, to sit and listen to an or-
atorio for two hours and a half. Though
it be the best of oratorios, if a man have
no musical taste, it is distress to him,
while it is joy to others. And I cannot
imagine anything more distressful for a
man who has no love for pictures than to
be shut up in the Luxembourg gallery in
Paris. Yes, I can think of one thing worse
than that, and that will be for a man to
enter heaven without any taste for it. I
sometimes hear people talk as though all
a man had to do was just to leave this
world and go into heaven and sit down
to its enjoyments. If a man cannot stand
Christian society here for one day, how
would he stand a million ages of it? I
see an unregenerate soul entering heaven,
looks around and sees God there, and
angels there, and hears the cry: "Holy,
holy, holy," and the unregenerate soul says:
"This is no place for me," and he flies to
the battlements, and he cries: "I can
stand it here no longer," and he leaps
off into outer darkness. In other words,
the worst hell for a man would be
heaven if he has no qualifi-
cations, no preparations for it. But
Christ comes to take the discord out of
our soul and string it with a heavenly
attuning. He comes to take out that
from us which makes us unlike heaven,
and substitute that which assimilates us.
Ten thousand times the gate of heaven
has swung back and forth, but it never
swings back and forth save as Christ
opened it, and you will go in through
him or not at all. Christ wants you there.
How do I know it? Suppose a man lost
a diamond, and he looked for it eight or
ten days, would you not conclude from
the fact that he looked for it so long that
he wanted the diamond? And when I
find Christ seeking for your soul, seeking
for it ever since it has been a soul, seek-
ing for it by day and by night, seeking for
it through heat and through cold, seeking
for it with tears in His eyes and blood
upon His brow, and scourges on His back,
and a world of agony in His heart, I know
that it is because He wants to find
you. Oh, He has prepared a glorious
heaven for you! It is all ready.
Not merely a throne, but steps by which
to mount it. Not only a harp, but a song
to play on it. Not only a banner proces-
sion, but a victory which it is to celebrate.
God wants no vacant chairs at that ban-
quet. He does not want those who stand
around him in glory to wonder why you
have not been selected. He does not
want the book of life to thunder shout
till your name is in it. What do I
breathe? It is the fragrance of Him
whose garments smell of myrrh, and
aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.
What do I hear? It is the footstep of
Him who comes with worn sandals in the
journey from Bethlehem to Nazareth, and
from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and
from Jerusalem to golgotha, and from
golgotha to glory, and from glory here,
seeking that which is lost. Oh, jostle
Him not from thy doorstep. Do not
drive this Christ away, as though He
were an unworthy beggar soliciting your
alms. Hear His voice. Trust His sacri-
fices. Respond to His love. Take His
heaven. Do you not know, oh man, oh
woman, that you are the lost one spoken
of in my text? "The Son of Man is come
to seek and to save that which was lost." You
may hide away from Him, but there
are some things which will find you,
whether Christ by His grace finds you, or
not. Trouble will find you. Temptation
will find you. Sickness will find you.
Death will find you. Judgment will find
you. Eternity will find you.

Soon you will be gone from all these
scenes, and if a thousand men
should come out with lanterns and

torches, and St. Bernard dogs used to
hunting up missing travelers, and search
for your soul, you could not be found by
them. The grave will have your body. Your
heirs will have your estate. Eternity will
have your soul. In the flash of a second
your last opportunity for heaven may go
out. Postpone this question of the soul
and you are postponing getting into the
wreck for the beach. In the bulk lurch
over and go down. God forbid that any
of you should at the last have the dismay
of the woman of whom I was reading.
One night she could not sleep because of
her soul's wandering from Christ.
She got up and wrote in her diary: "One
year from now I will attend to the mat-



ters of my soul." She retired, but she
could not sleep. So she arose again, and
wrote a better promise in her diary: "One
month from now, I will attend to the mat-
ters of my soul." She retired again but
found no sleep, and arose again and
wrote: "Next week, I will attend to the
matters of my soul." Then she slept
soundly. The next day she went into
scenes of gaiety. The following day she
was sick, and the middle of next week she
died. Delirium lifted from her mind just
long enough for her to say: "I am a
week too late. I am lost!" Oh, to be a
year too late, or a month too late, or an
hour too late—aye, to be a second too
late, is to be forever too late.

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For the benefit of suffering humanity, and in
heartfelt gratitude at the wonderful result, I
deem it only my duty to give this unsolicited
testimony in favor of Swift's Specific. My wife
has been afflicted with hereditary Eczema or
salt Rheum from her infancy. It has increased
in intensity with each succeeding spring, and
being somewhat skilled in medicine myself, I
tried every remedy I could think of for years—
Sarsaparilla combined with every form of Po-
tassio, and hundreds of other remedies, lotions
and alkali washes of every known kind, but
they all gave only temporary relief. During
the spring of last her lower extremities became
so inflamed and sore that she was obliged to
keep them constantly coated with a covering of
"Fowler's Earth," mixed wet and allowed to dry
on. Among other things she was afflicted with
a periodical nervous headache, occurring regu-
larly every seven days, sometimes followed by
an intermittent fever for weeks at a time, so
that her life became a burden to her.

This spring I determined she should take S.
S. S. and follow strictly the directions in regard
to dose, diet, etc. This was about seven weeks
ago. After taking the first large bottle the dis-
ease seemed to increase; the burning, itching
and inflammation became unbearable. She,
however, persevered in the use of the medicine.
After taking the second bottle the inflammation
began to subside. After the third bottle the in-
flammation disappeared, and sore spots dried
up and turned white and scaly, and finally she
brushed them off in an impalpable white
powder resembling pure salt. She is now tak-
ing the sixth bottle, three tablespoonfuls four
times daily. Every appearance of the disease
has gone, and her flesh is becoming soft, white
and smooth again, and what is more, her peri-
odical headaches have disappeared and she is
now, at 33 years of age, enjoying the only good
health she has known for upwards of 40 years.
No wonder she declares with emphasis that
every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand
times its weight in gold.

Any further information concerning her case
will be cheerfully given by herself at her resi-
dence, 118 Mullett street, or by me.
JOHN F. BRADLEY, 44 Griswold st.,
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Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, puri-
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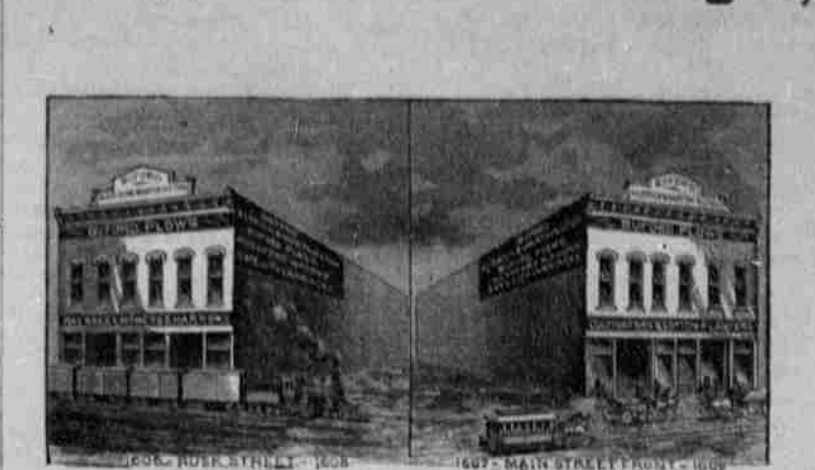
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